

VINCULUM SOCIETATIS,  
OR THE  
**Tie of good Company.**  
Being a Choice COLLECTION  
Of the Newest SONGS now in Use.

WITH

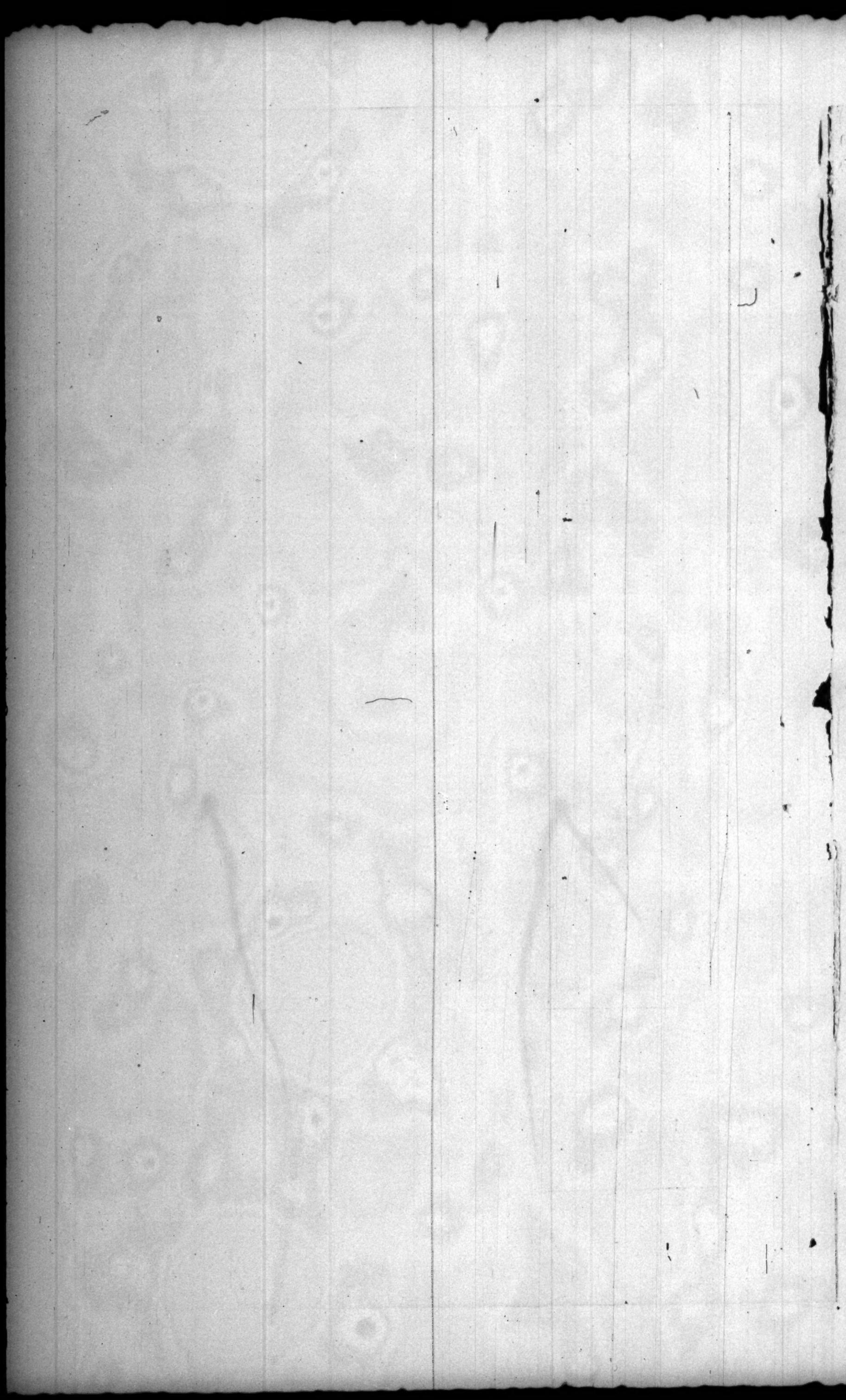
THOROW BASS to each SONG for the *Harpsichord, Theorbo, or Bass-Viol.*

*The Fourth Book*  
The FIRST BOOK of this CHARACTER.



L O N D O N,

Printed by F. Clark, T. Moore, and J. Heptinstall, for John Carr, and R. C. and are  
to be Sold by John Carr at the Middle Temple-Gate, and Sam. Scott at the  
Miter by Temple-Barr. Anno Domini, 1687.



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---

TO ALL  
TRUE LOVERS  
OE  
**MUSICK.**

Gentlemen,

**W**E well hope, our former diligent endeavors, (according to our capacity) to serve the *Musical Souls* of our Nation, have been so hearty, that no very great aspersion can ly upon us for a total neglect of our duty: We also thankfully acknowledg the kind reception our labours have hitherto found from the Ingenious, and *the good natur'd*; by which we have been so far encouraged, as yet to add One (Ornament at least) to our many former Attempts, and that is, this New *Character* of the *Notes* of the Songs in this Book, less troublesome to the Eye, than those of the Old way, which (if acceptable) will add fresh vigour to our future industry, and add much to the numerous obligations you have already heaped upon,

Gentlemen,

Yours

*JOHN CARR.*

Licensed June the 8th 1687.

*R. C.*

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## MUSIC Books sold by John Carr at the Middle-Temple Gate.

THE Musical Entertainment performed at a Musical Feast on St. Cecilia's Day. Nov. 22. 1683. The Words made by Mr. Christopher Fishburn, and set to Musick, in two, three, four & six Parts, by Mr. Henry Purcel, Composer in Ordinary to His Sacred Majesty, and one of the Organists of His Majesty's Chappel-Royal.

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Also all sorts of Musical Instruments, and Strings.

( 1 )

Mr. Hen. Purcell.



E T formal Lovers still pursue I envy not their Care, a

tedious Seige perhaps may do at last to gain the Fair, such whining Methods

I disdain a Mistress to o--blige, where a fair summons will not gain the

Town's not worth a Siege.

The Eastern Monarchs Victories  
 Had not gone on so far  
 Had he lugag'd his Enemies  
 By formal steps of War,  
 To general Beauty I lay claim,  
 From each fair Eye tis world,  
 Where e're I come like him I'll gain  
 And love ore all the World.

Mr. Fran. Forcer.



Hen *Cloris* once thought her Conquest Compleat, and her



Charms had made way for her Pride, and Languishing *Strephon* had thrown at her



Feet a Heart She so often had try'd, and the faithful young Lover did over and



over discover a Passion, that were She not Marble, might move her : The



hard hearted Nymph to requite all his pain, instead of his Love paid him with dis-



( 3 )



dain, She bids him re-tire and not feed his desire with the hopes of her Love which he



never must gain; Whilst Cruel, Cruel *Cloris Strophon* cry'd, pity, pity him that



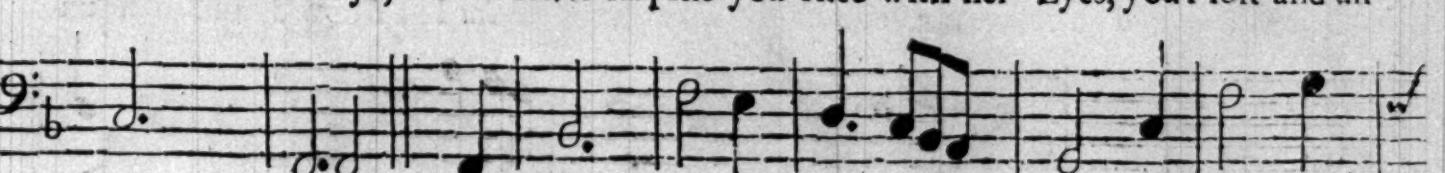
lies to Love and to your Eyes a Loyal and unblemish'd Sacrifice. Oh ye



Shepheards take heed where your Flocks you do feed, lest your Hearts as your



Lambs should stray., for if *Cloris* surprise you once with her Eyes, you'r lost and un-



done, your Liberty's gone, and you must be for ever her Prey.



( 4 )

Mr. Fran. Forcer.



h Charming Nymph were I a Swain too weak I

fear wou'd prove my resolutions a----against Love, tho they were fortifi'd by

your disdain, oft I with discontented Sighs have said, oh, why was I a feeble Woman

made, but what I thought my Misery is now become my Guard, and from a Fate more hard,

it was ordain'd to rescue me, else to thy Charms *Philoclia* I had bow'd, and dy'd un-

pityed, unpityed, unpityed by the gazing Crowd.



*Elia at last thy Pride and Scorn has lost the Man thy Slave was*

Born, I've broke my Heart to break my Chain, and now must never Love a---

--gain: Yet much of Torture in the Cure I do confess I do indure.

*Thus is the Battle lost and won, but Oh the Victor is undone.*

Glory has now my Heart possest,  
And love of Arms Enflam'd my Breast;  
The puny God in Chains shall wait,  
Whilst Pride and Honour sit in state,  
But oh my Glories I despise  
Since I must shun those Killing Eyes.  
*Thus is the Battle, &c.*

Farewel my Trophies since I find  
No Beauty left to tempt my mind,  
To make my last of Actions brave,  
I'll die her Victor and her Slave:  
Weep that the World no more can give,  
But scorn this Conquest to outlive.  
*Thus is the Battle, &c.*

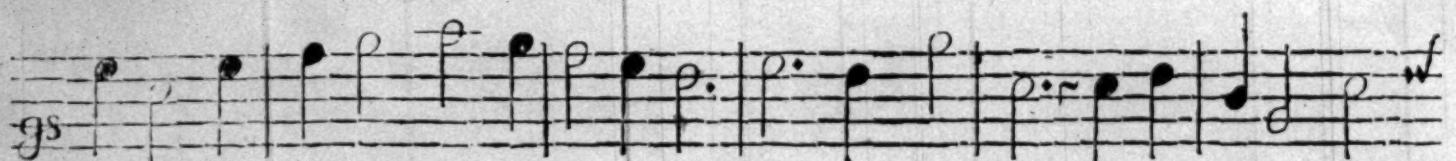
C

Mr. Sam. Ackroyd.

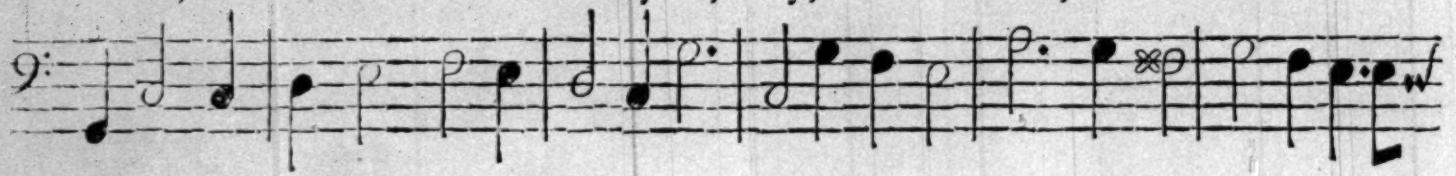


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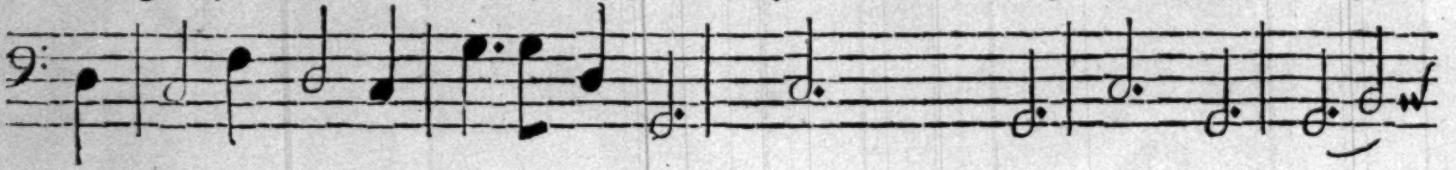
Ring out your Cunny Skins, bring out your Cunny Skins Maid



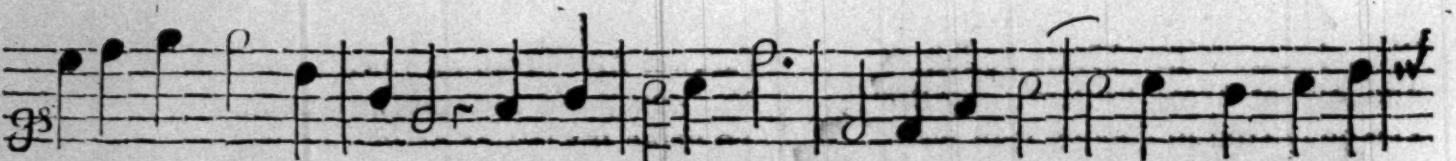
to me, and hold them fair that I may see, Gray, Black and Blew, for the smaller Skins



I'll give you Bracelets, Laces, Pins, and for your whole Cunny here's ready Mony,



come gentle Jone do thou begin with thy black Cunny thy black Cunny Skin, and



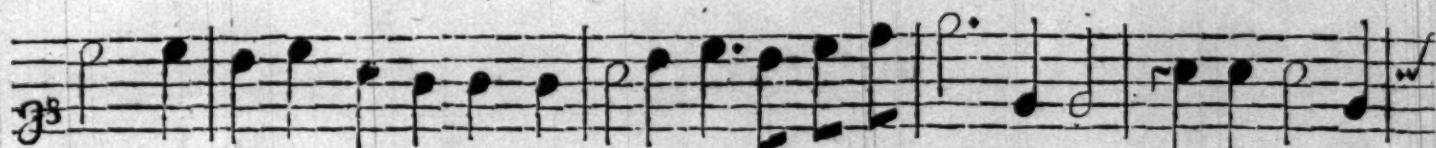
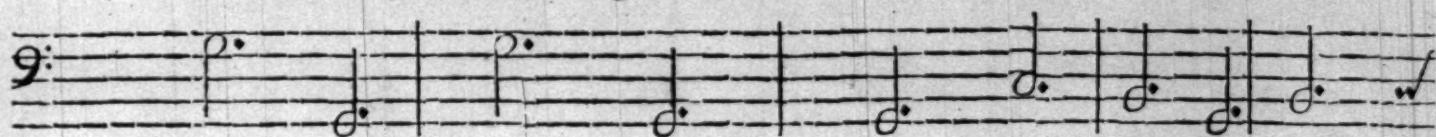
Mary and Jone will follow with their Silver Haird Skins and Yallow, the White Cunny



( 7 )



Skin I will not lay by, for though it be faint it is fair to the Eye, the Gray it is



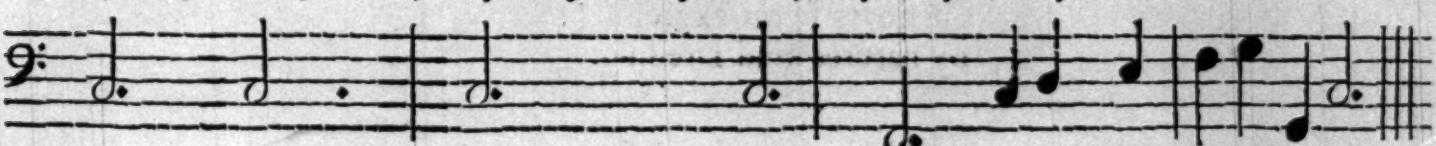
worn, but yet for my Mony, give me the bonny bonny black Cunny, come away fair



Maids your Skins will decay, come and take Mony Maids put your Wares away,



ha'ye any Cunny Skins, ha'ye any Cunny Skins, ha'ye any Cunny Skins here to sell.



Mr. Sam. Ackroyd.



Love without measure, and sure I shall find a



Fountain of Pleasure for my Celia's now kind : My Heart so In---spir'd I



kist and ad - mir'd and She ne're re - tir'd but I still de - sir'd.



Mr. Rob. King.

There's no such Devotion  
As in her soft Arms,  
To tell her my passion,  
And to talk of her Charms,  
I must be possessing,  
I long for the Blessing  
Of Loves sweet expressing  
By natures kind Dressing.

With my passion I strove  
To wait for the pow'r,  
And the pleasure of Love  
But for one happy hour,  
With eager desire  
At last I came nier,  
Her Eyes darted Fire,  
My Soul did expire.



Pite of the Godhead powerful Love I will my torments

hide, but what a Vail of life must prove a Sa - cri - fice to Pride, Pride thou art be-

come my Goddess now, to Thee Il'e Alters Rear, to Thee each Morning pay my

Vow and offer every Tear, but oh, but oh I fear, should Phitomon once

take thy Injur'd part, I soon should cast the Idol down and offer him my heart.



Ease mighty Love to tear a Heart that owns thy

Power Divine, thou needs no Quiver nor no Dart to make the Conquest

thine ; for who a — lass thy Deities durst despise, when thou hast weapons suc—

h as Celia's Eyes.

Now Celia, you my Heart have won,  
Oh be not too severe,  
Do not your humble Slave disown,  
Nor kill him with Dispair ;  
Be not unjust to scorn my Vestal Fire,  
Which you and none but you cou'd ere Expire.



Y Wan - der -- er at last re — treats to his forsaken

Breast, having discover'd all the Cheats, that drew him from his rest

thought himself safe in this a - bode, when Else prov'd it vain, by ways as

in - no - cent as odd, she tempts him out a - gain.

With untaught Eyes, unpractis'd Art,  
She does her Slave subdue:  
Scorns meanly to beguile a Heart,  
But claims it as her due.  
Let Tyrants then her Conquest boast,  
And keep their few in awe:  
She governs all and ever must,  
Who reigns by Natures Law.



*b*  
*g: b*  
*b*  
Le languish no more at the glance of your

*b*  
*g: b*  
*b*  
Eye; can view you all o're and ne're fetch a deep sigh : No

*b*  
*g: b*  
more shall your voice Siren - like charm my Heart; in vain you may

*b*  
*g: b*  
sigh, use in vain all your Art : No Madam I'm free, when I'm

*b*  
*g: b*  
s:

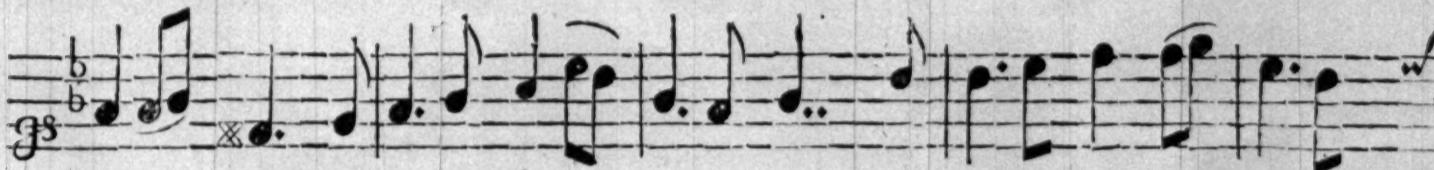
*b*  
*g: b*  
Captive a-gain, let me un pity'd feel a-----gen' my old pain.

*b*  
*g: b*

I'le Libertine turn, use all things in Common,  
No more than one Dish be bound to one Woman,  
Yet I still love the Sex but my Bottle before 'em,  
I'le use 'em sometimes but I'le never Adore 'em,  
Go Madam be wise when a Woodcocks ith noose,  
Be sure hold him fast least like me he get loose.



Arewel all the Arts of Love Fancy to Witch



first did move, and at the last did empty prove, the Goddess which you did a—



dore enjoy'd con—ti—nues to be so no more, but turns to a Woman as before, the



Goddess which you did adore enjoy'd con—ti—nues to be so no more, but turns to



Why then all this thought of care,  
Hopes and fears and oft dispair,  
All to possess your self that's fair,

Wo—man as be—fore.

An easy Beauty's ever best,  
Tho she lodg not in your Brest,  
You soon shall find a place of rest,  
An easie Beaury's, &c.





Hen the Gods at a Banquet did Revel above, did

When the Gods at a Banquet did Revel, did



Revel above and *Gannimed* fill'd out a Bumper to *Jove*, *A-pollo* and *Bacchus* their



Revel above and *Gannimed* fill'd out a Bumper to *Jove*, *A-pollo* and *Bacchus* their

:S:



Joy to Inspire, the Muses and Graces call'd in to the Quire: Divine was the

:S:



Joy to Inspire, the Muses and Graces call'd in to the Quire: Divine was the



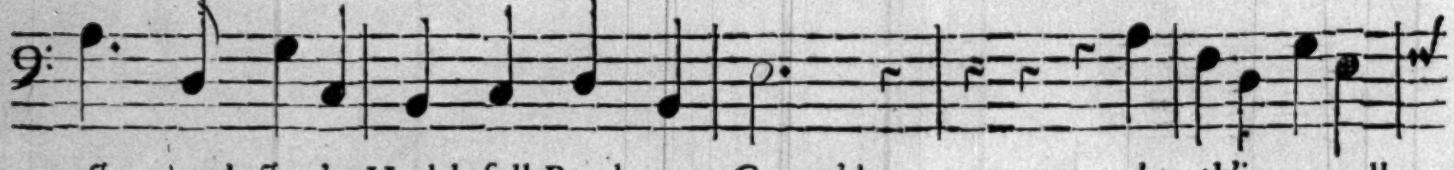
Musick, their Pleasure extream, and Beauty and Loyalty still was the Theam, to



Musick, their Pleasure extream, and Beauty and Loyalty still was the Theam, to

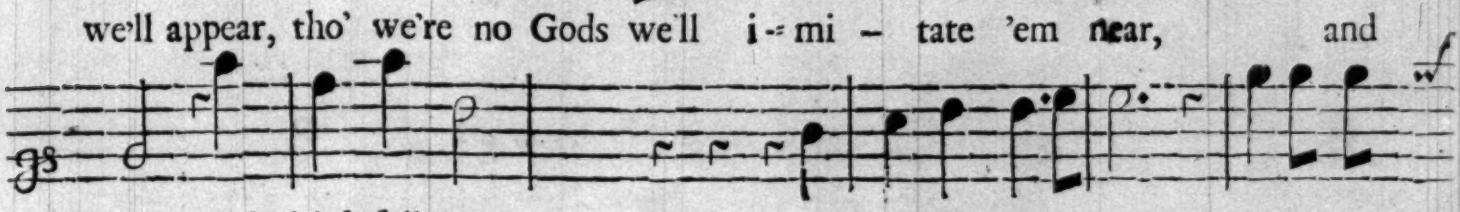


*Jove* and *Juno's* Health full Bowls were Crown'd, and to th'Immortal, and to th'im-



*Jove* and *Juno's* Health full Bowls were Crown'd,

and to th'immortall





and if the Gods deny to pledge the same, we'll throw our empty Glasses up to them. Mighty



and if the Gods deny to pledge the same, we'll throw our empty Glasses up to them.



*James* and *Apollo* upon us does smile, upon us does smile, the God of this Year and the



Mighty *James & Apollo* upon us, upon us does smile, the God of this Year and the



King of this Isle, all feuds we will shun that e - nervate his sway, since all are his



King of this Isle, all feuds we will shun that e - nervate his sway, since all are his



Subjects we'll joyntly o - bey : both *English* and *Irish* in this shall a — gree, who



Subjects we'll joyntly o - bey : both *English* and *Irish* in this shall a — gree, who



serve the King best the best Nation shall be.



serve the King best the best Nation shall be.



Hen first I sought my *Jenn.*'s Love she dash'd my hopes with



cold disdain, no Tears the Cruel Lass could move to hear my Vows or ease my pain,



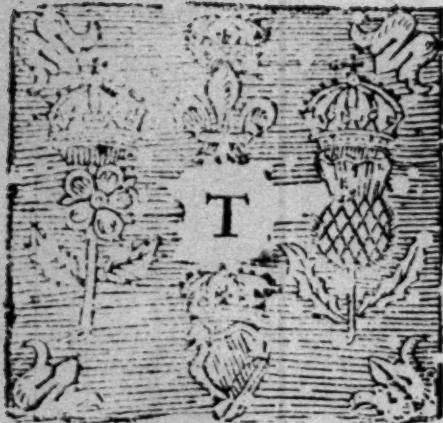
She'd chide and frown and call me Loon and bid me from her sight be gone, with



scorn my Presents She'd return, and all my Amorous Letters burn.



But now my Constancy She's found,  
The lovely fair relenting Maid  
With kind consent my hopes has Crown'd,  
And all my suffrings over paid ;  
She'll kiss and toy  
And call me Joy,  
In Love the livelong day employ,  
She'll look and smile on me alone,  
And only grieve she e're did frown.



These full two hours now have I gazing been, what

Comfort by it can I gain, to look on Heav'n with mighty gulph be — tween  
 143 $\times$  4 $\times$   $\times$

was the great Miser's greatest pain: so near was he to Heav'n's delight as with the blest

76  $\times$  4 $\times$  6

converse he might, yet could not get one drop of Water by't. Ah wretch I

4 3 $\times$   $\times$

seem to touch her now: but oh, but oh, what boundless spaces does us part! fortune and

$\times$  6  $\times$

( 19 )



Friends & all Earths emty show my lowness and her high desert, but those might Conquerable prove

6

43

4



nothing does me so far remove as the hard Souls Aversion of my Love; so Travellers that



lose their way by night when from afar they came to espy th'uncertain glimmerings of a tapers light,

6

43



like flatt'ring hopes and think it night, till wearied with the fruitless pain they sit them

65

b

6



down and weep in vain, and there in darkness and despair re—main.

4

6

6

5

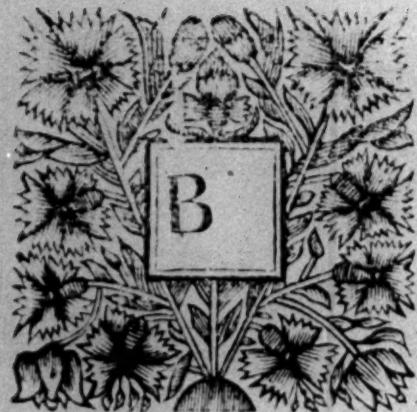
5

4

3

3





Ring back my Comforts and re-turn for well you

65

know that I, in such a vig'rous passion burn, that missing you I die.

65

flow

6

:S:

Re—turn return in—sult no more, re—turn return and me re—store to

6 65

76

those sequester'd Joys , to those sequester'd Joys I had be—fore.

Absence in most, that quenches Love,  
And cool their warm desire,  
The Ardour of my Heart improve,  
And makes the flame aspire.

The Maxim therefore I deny,  
And term it, tho a Tyrany,  
A Nurse to purest Faith and Constancy.

( 21 )  
Mr. Tho. Tedway.



he Gods are not more blest then he who fixing his glad



Eyes on thee does ever hear and ev'-ry long Charm'd with the Mu-sick,



Charm'd with the Mu-sick of thy Tongue that sees with more then hu-mane



Grace sweet smiles A-dorn A-minta's Face.



But when to pity you incline,  
And so become much more Devine,  
What mortal can support the Joy  
The mighty blessing does destroy,  
Ah ! wou'd you have your *Damon* live,  
Your Favours less profusely give.

G



EE,

see, see the lovely Maid and Paradise and

See, see, see, see, see the lovely Maid and Para-

Pa---ra---dise in Bed display'd,

like blushing Morn, like blushing Morn she

dise in Bed in Bed display'd, like blushing Morn, like blushing Morn she lyes, and

lies and sings the tryumphs, sings the try—umph of her Eyes. The wanton Cupids

sings the tryumphs of her Eyes, and sings the tryumph of her Eyes. The wanton Cupids

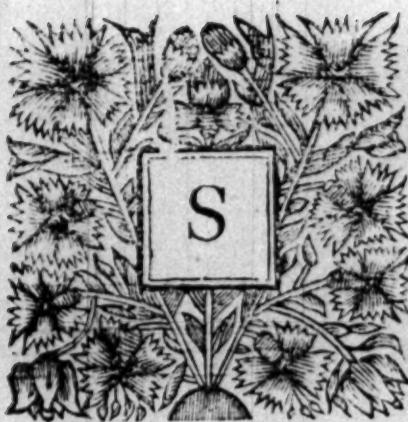
play and sport their lit---le Hearts away, whilst all a round them throng. To

play and sport their little Hearts away whilst all a round them throng, to hear the Musick

hear the Musick of her Tongue, to hear the Musick, hear the Musick of her Tongue.

of her Tongue, to hear the Musick of her Tongue, to hear the Musick of her Tongue.

Mr. Tho. Tedway.



*Ilvia* be no lon—ger kind, the kind be-tray their pow'r



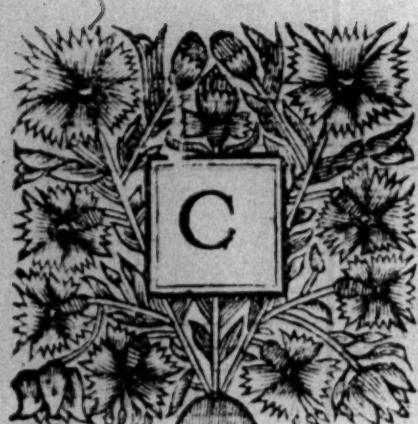
still to the proud and false inclin'd our Ty—rants we A—dore, fru—ition which shou'd



make our blifs di—stroys, and kindness which shou'd most in—gage us cloys.



Be cruel and secure your Reign,  
Myrtilla's Pride and Scorn,  
Her haughty looks and fierce disdain,  
Show her for Empire born ;  
Oh curst disease of our fantastick mind,  
The Cruel we pursue and fly the Kind.



*Inthia 'tis own'd that I too long on Woman-kind did*



*rail, to think that a re--can--ting Song shou'd after all prevail, but had you then but*



*markt my Eyes, or cou'd have vew'd my heart you'd seen thro' all that thin dis-*



*guise they all—ways took your part, they all---ways took your part.*



**H**

O W long devine Ce—tin--da shall I mourn how  
long disclose my sorrow all in vain yet find not one soft look or kind return no  
sign of ease to sooth my growing pain. Ah Cruel, ah Cru-el, Cru-el Charming  
fair, or cure my love or my dis—pair, or cure my love or my dis—pair.

9:

9:

9:

9:

All night the thoughts of you forbids my rest,  
Nor can the noisie business of the day  
Divert the constant trouble of my brest,  
Or the tormenting Passions there allay ;  
Ah cruel charming Maid,  
When shall this mighty debt of Love be paid.

G



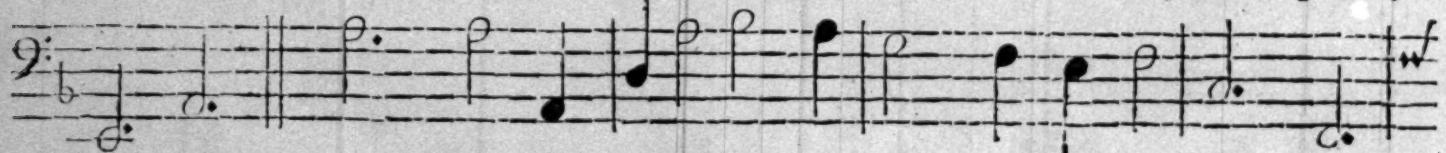
Hillis I must needs confess that I am fickle



grown of late, and now to Celia's Charms Ad—dress that love which yours did



first create. Not that I think your Beauty less then hers who does my Heart possess,



but tis the will of fate, tis the will of fate, but tis the will of fate, tho you may



think the practice strange I le Ju—sti—fie the roring flame, nor fear the Am'rous

Gods revenge, since I still love tho not the same , for tho my heart does hourly

range he looses nothing by the change, since I still play his game, I still play his

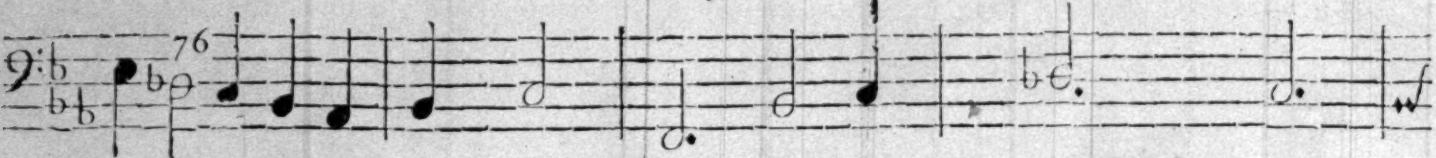
game, since I still play his game.



HE, She, alaſſ, She, a-laſſ, whom all admir'd is dead,



She a-laſſ whom all admir'd is dead, a-laſſ She's dead, and with her all that's



brisk or gay is fled, She a-laſſ, She a-laſſ, whom all admir'd is dead, no



Rat---ling Coaches now run up and down, nor Am'rous Sparks amuse



the wondring Town all pen - sive in their Chambers sit and mourn and mour'n the fair the sweet



Cor-rin-na's dead & gone, She a-laſſ, She a-laſſ whom all admir'd is dead.



A Song in *Bellaria*, or, the Mistresses.

<sup>29</sup> Set by Mr. Tho. Sandwell.



*Hyris un—just—ly you com—plain, and tax my*

<sup>76</sup>

*b*

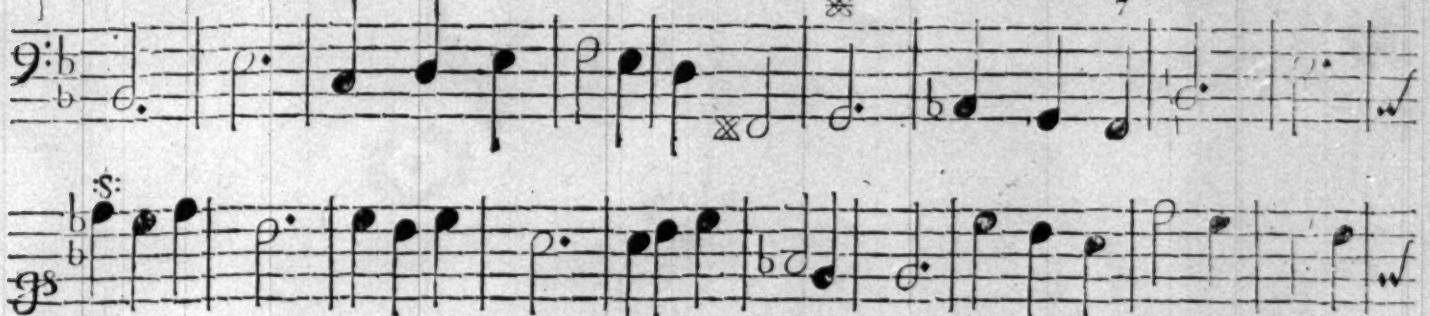


tender heart, with want of pity for your pain, or fence of your disert.

<sup>43</sup>

*✉*

<sup>43</sup>



By secret and mysterious Springs alass our passions move, we Women are fan-tastick



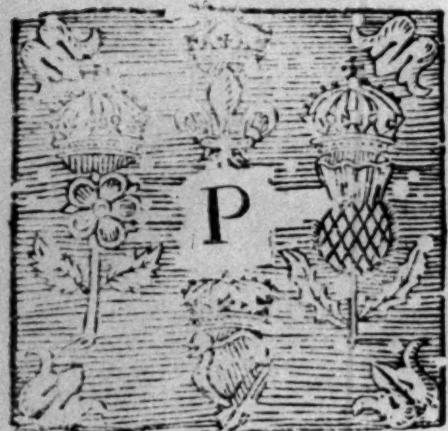
*:S:*



things that like be—fore we love..



You may be handsome and have Wit,  
Be secret and well bred,  
The Parson Love must to us fit,  
He onely can succeed.  
Some die and yet are ne're believ'd,  
Others we trust too soon,  
Helping our selves to be deceiv'd,  
And proud to be undone.



( 30 )

Hillis what ever love or you for my dis-pairing

shall or-dain, my suffring Heart shall still be true, and with the Tor-ments



and with the Tor-ments that en-sue may break but ne're com—plain.



My grief when Phil-lis Is un-kind no rude re-sent-ments shall be-tray tis



7866



calm as Vows for Hea-ven de-sign'd, and gentle as the Southern Winds that

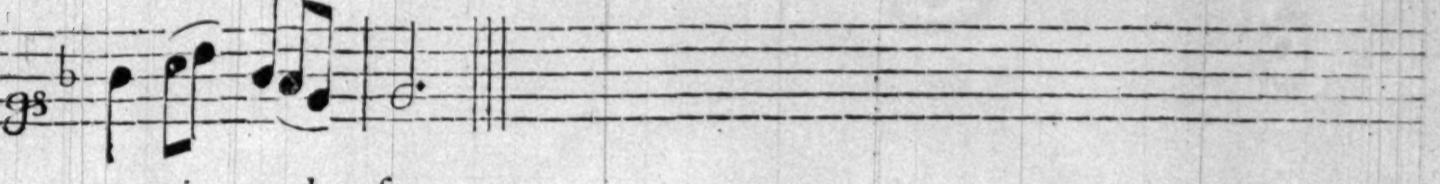
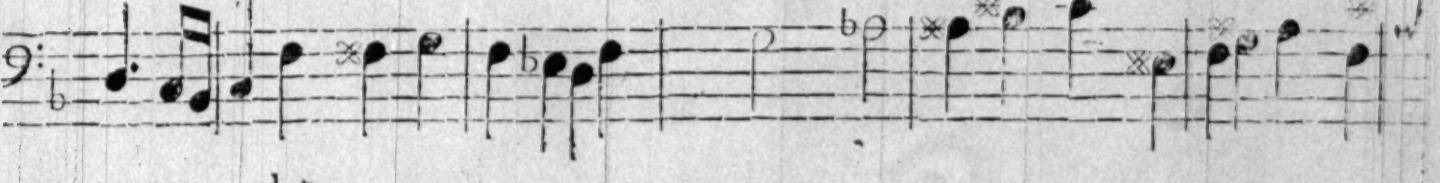




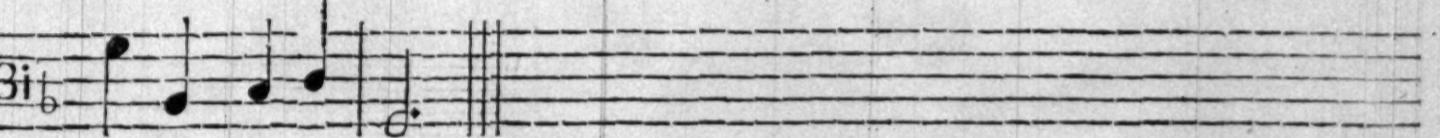
fans the blooming May. No slights shall make my paf--sion less, my Love shall



me--rit tho it starve for as possession we confess the highest degree of happiness the



next is to de---serve.



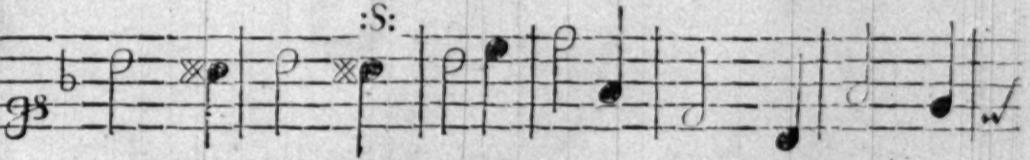
A Catch for 3 Voc.

Mr- Henry Purcel.

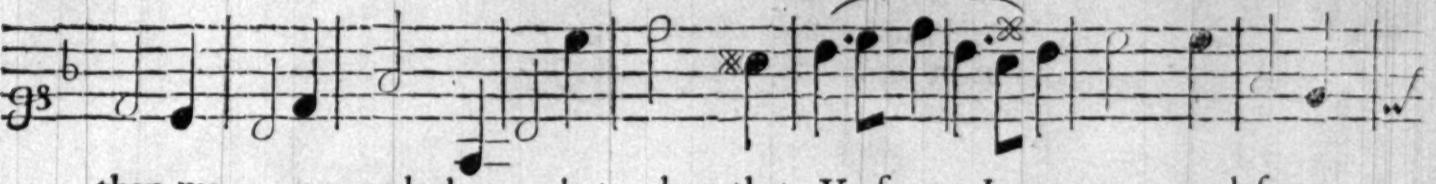


Hen **U** and I to--gether meet, we make up 6 in

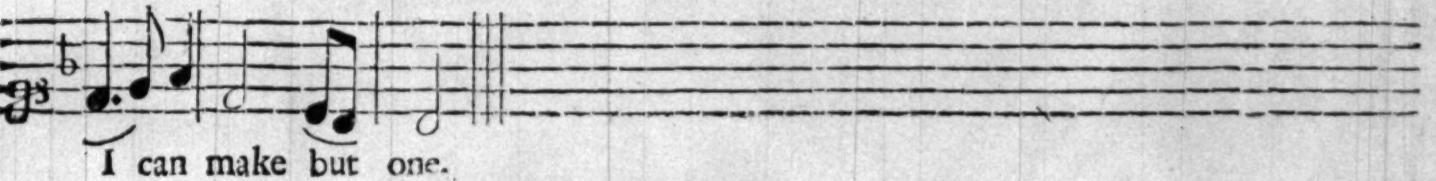
:S:



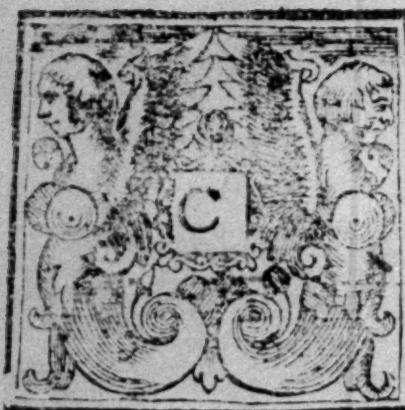
House or Street, yet I and V may meet once more, and



then we **z** can make but 4, but when that V from I am gone , alaſſ poor



I can make but one.



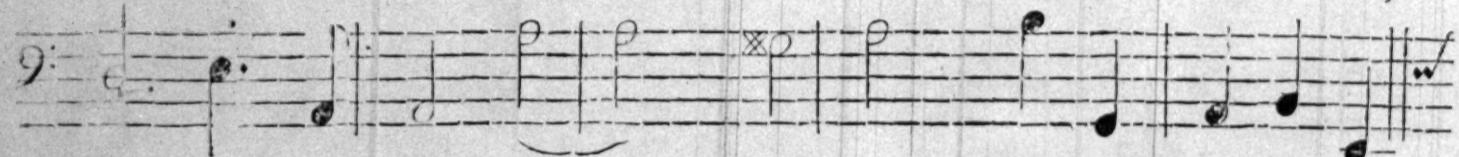
(32)

Dr. JOHN DREW.

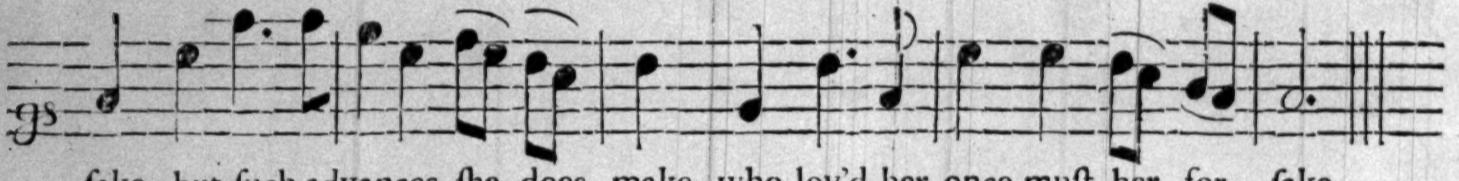
Ould softning melting looks pre - vail, Phillis might ever



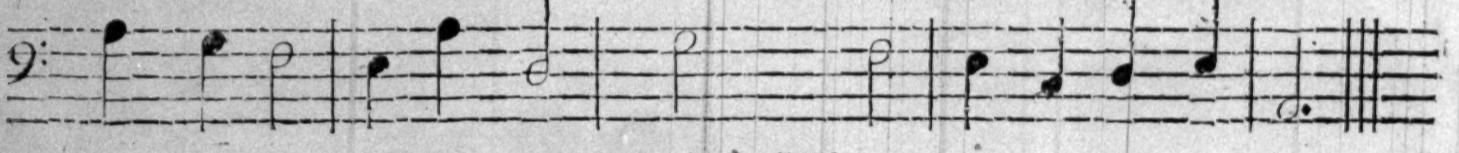
Hope success, her beauties pow'r woud not fail, did not her cheapness make it less,



but such advances, but such advances she does make, who lov'd her once must her for-



sake, but such advances she does make, who lov'd her once must her for—sake.



She who's too eagerly enclin'd  
To catch at Love lets go her fame,  
And 'tis beneath a generous mind  
To catch ignoble yeilding game.  
But in resistance, but in resistance such force lies,  
It Charms beyond the brightest Eyes.

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